Catgirl Online! (Inanimate TF, Expansion)

The soft toll of a bell snapped Seigu out of her work-trance. *Dingdong!* it went, infuriatingly charming. *You have a guest!*

A voice echoed through the building block. "Seeeeeigu!"

With a sigh, Seigu folded up the holographic balance sheet and turned to face the door of her office. An instant later, it swished open, and a lily-haired catgirl skipped into the room, boobs bouncing in the bodice of her sundress.

Skidding to a stop in front of Seigu's desk, Yuri slammed her hands against its cardboardium surface and drew in a deep breath. "Seigu! Nyou didn't tell me nyou were running a game tonyight, nya!" Her tail flexed, tip curled.

Seigu folded her hands and raised an eyebrow. "I own the largest game development company in the universe, nya. I'm running *lots* of games tonyight."

Ignoring her, Yuri rummaged in her chest, retrieved a little flier, and thrust it into Seigu's hands. '*CATGIRL ONLINE!*' it read, in a big, bold font that Seigu herself had personally selected. 'Relaunching Tonight!'

"Why didn't nyou tell me?!" cried Yuri, bouncing up and down on the spot. "Nyou know I like games, nya. I'm a hopscotch champion!"

Seigu studied her younger sister for several long seconds. "Yuri," she said, "what kind of game do nyou think *Catgirl Online!* is?"

Yuri stopped bouncing. "Um. …A fun one?"

Seigu sighed and rose. With a snap of her fingers, her chair and desk and every other feature of the room melted away into the floor, while the window turned opaque. With a thin crackle, a swarm of glowing rectangles formed by the new wall and expanded to form an array of flashing screens.

Yuri stared, transfixed. Every screen displayed a completely different sight: some showed catgirls dressed as knights fighting giant slimes, while others showed catgirls in mech suits dueling giant robots. …Most of them just showed sex though.

"These are some of the more popular games we're currently running," said Seigu, dispassionately. "*Catgirl Online!* is the one in the top left. We relaunch it every century or so, keep it running till people get bored, then relaunch it again once they get nyostalgic."

Yuri's eyes flashed with stars. "Wowowow!" She squeezed her cheeks. "So many games! Where are they all happening? Can we go and take part, nya?"

Seigu frowned. "Yuri, nyou're familiar with VR, aren't nyou?"

Yuri blinked at her. "VR?"

Seigu sighed. "Let me show nyou."

All at once, the tens of glowing displays vanished. As Yuri blinked in shock, the floor beneath her trembled and rippled, before suddenly shooting upward in the form of a comfortable chair. She squeaked as it scooped her up.

Above, a spot on the ceiling rippled too. As Yuri stared, a big blob of cardboardium dripped all the way down to her, stretching and reforming into a spindly headset supported by a bundle of cables.

"What's this for?" said Yuri, snatching it out of the air.

Seigu snapped, and a second chair formed next to Yuri's. "Nyou put that around your head, nya. Like a tiara." She hopped into her seat.

Snapping the headset open, Yuri wrapped it around her head. "Like this?"

"Perfect," said Seigu. She snapped again.

Yuri had been about to ask what was going to happen, but Seigu's preemptive answer came in the form of a demonstration. Yuri screamed as the world around her vanished, replaced by an endless pink abyss. "Nyaaaah! What's happening?!" She flailed madly as she fell. "Nyou didn't say nyou were going to teleport meeeeee!"

"Relax." Seigu's voice tickled her ears. "Nyou're still in my office." As Yuri stopped struggling, a window appeared in front of her face, showing herself back in her chair, eyes closed as if sleeping.

She blinked at herself. "Nya?"

Seigu sighed. "Just think of it as a dream, nya."

"Oooooh," said Yuri, clapping her fist into her palm. "That explains the falling, nya." She looked around at the endless pink vortex. "Nyow what…?"

As if in response, the window to the real world fizzled and became a list of sliders. Yuri squinted. "...Character creation?"

"Since this isn't the real world, nyou can have any body nyou like, nya."

Yuri blinked. "But I can shapeshift. I can already have any body I like."

"It's a little redundant, I admit," said Seigu. "But nyou can also become things nyou couldn't nyormally become. Like, say, a kyuri-nagi. Or a moeblob."

"Wow!" said Yuri, eyes regaining their sparkle. "It's like I'm the Queen, nya!" Giggling, she swiped at the sliders. "I know just what I'm going to do! This and this and *this* aaaaand 'Confirm'! Boop!"

The sliders vanished, replaced by a list of words Yuri barely recognized. "Select class?"

"This particular game is what we call an MMORPG," said Seigu. "And like most of our MMOs, it's fantasy flavored. These classes are the archetypes available for nyou to play."

Yuri scrolled down the list, taking her time to read the explanations. "Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! I wanna be a healer, nya!"

"Of course nyou do," said Seigu.

Picking 'Healer', Yuri punched 'Confirm'. And with a flash, the pink light of the vortex welled up and consumed her.

*

When the pink light faded, she found herself in the middle of a pleasant, flower-filled field, the kind of landscape she loved to nurture on her own planet. Taking a deep whiff of the aromatic scent, she giggled as a butterfly fluttered past her nose.

"Wow," she said, looking around, "so pretty!" A patch of big white mushrooms squatted on the horizon–it took her a moment to recognize it as a city.

Turning her eyes down, she found herself wearing a long white robe with a red trim and a big cross on the chest. A big wooden crook filled her hand. "Wow!" she said, swinging it experimentally.

The air beside her fizzled. Pixels swarmed out of the sky and condensed into an armor-clad figure. Circuits shone along its arms. Sunlight glinted off its visor. A little fusion reactor hummed on its back.

As Yuri stared, the suit's mask popped off to reveal the face of Seigu. Her eyes tightened. "So the character nyou had in mind was just… nyou with bigger boobs, nya?"

Yuri cupped her chest, released it, and giggled as it jiggled. "Nyeah! (I made my butt bigger too!) What's with the armor, nya?"

Seigu smirked. "Oh, this?" she said, rapping her gauntleted arm. "Sorry. Dev-only equipment. It's based on a classic Tenko Kabuto-class Battlesu–."

Yuri squealed. "Look, rhododendrons!"

Skipping a few steps forward, she raised a hand to shield her eyes from the sun as she studied the horizon. "So, what nyow, nya? How do nyou play this game?"

Taking a place beside her, Seigu pointed to the mushroom on the horizon. "See that, nya? That's the game's main hub. Nyour first quest (this is an RPG, so everything is a quest, nya) is to *get* there."

"Ooooh," said Yuri. "Well, okay then." Dropping to all fours, she tensed her legs, grit her teeth, and pounced–

She flew about half a meter before crashing into the dirt.

"Heeey!" she said, snapping upright. "Why can't I pounce properly? I should be in that city by nyow!"

Seigu smirked. "Sorry," she said, "but this game restricts a lot of things nyou might find nyormal. We can't have everyone pouncing from city to city, nya. There have to be some limits on movement."

She clicked her heels. Rocket flames flared from her soles. To the roar of jets, she shot into the air, did a neat loop, and sailed towards the horizon. Scarcely a second later, she reappeared overhead. "Of course, we did make a *couple* of exceptions."

Dusting herself off, Yuri huffed. Still frowning, she took a few experimental steps forward and groaned when she didn't instantly reach the city. "Urgh, this is going to take forever, nya!"

"Don't worry," said Seigu, jetting overhead. "It's nyot just a peaceful walk, nya."

As Yuri stopped to ask what she meant, something went *glorp* just ahead of her. Yuri watched, head cocked, as a blob of bright blue slime hopped out of the grass…

…and swelled into a curvaceous woman. *Glorp*.

"Oooh, a moeblob!" said Yuri, spreading her hands to give the slimegirl a hug. She loved playing with moeblobs.

High above, Seigu laughed. "Nyot quite, nya."

Before Yuri could give the blob a hug, it pounced. She squeaked as it struck her like a tidal wave, instantly sucking her inside its shifting, gloopy body. "Nyaah!" Yuri flailed, making herself spin around inside it.

Seigu laughed. "It's actually the less friendly kind of slime, nya. Nyou can't have a fantasy RPG without slimes!"

All of a sudden, she heard a little clicking noise. Opening her eyes, she saw a '-1' appear in dark red above her head and float there for a few seconds before another replaced it. "Er, what's happening, nya?" Her voice sounded clear, despite the bubbles.

"Nyou're taking damage," said Seigu. "Nyou should try and escape before nyou die."

"*Die?!*" Yuri paled. "Wh-what happens if I die in the game, nya? Do I die in real life too?"

Seigu frowned. "...Nyo? That would be idiotic."

With a gulp, Yuri looked around and caught her crook lying in the grass just outside the slime. Drawing in a breath, she stretched her arm (for some reason, it was a lot harder than usual) and snatched it up.

This done, she swung it madly. "Lemme out! Lemme out! Lemme out! Lemme out!"

With a final, emphatic strike, she struck the slime so hard she flew out of it, landing blue and sticky on the ground.

As she stood, the slime cowered, raising its arms to shield its face.

"Finish it!" said Seigu.

Yuri paused. "Why does it look so scared, nya?"

"Hmm? Oh, she's probably afraid of what's going to happen to her when nyou beat her, nya."

Yuri blinked. "Afraid? Nyou mean she's an AI?"

"Huh? Oh nyo. All the mobs in this game are digitized humans. It's way more fun than playing with AIs."

"Oh, okay," said Yuri. Raising her crook, she gave the slime an apologetic smile. "Sorry, nya."

BONK.

Trembling, eyes spinning, the slimegirl collapsed into a puddle. As Yuri lowered her crook, the creature exploded in a giant puff of smoke. When it cleared, Yuri found herself staring at–

"Is that a dildo?" Where the slime had been standing lay a thick, plastic rod of exactly the same color. A terrified face had been etched into its shaft.

Seigu landed beside her with a thump. "*That* is loot, nya. Nyou get some for defeating every enemy in this game. Nyou can equipment it or sell it at a hub." Picking the rod up, she twirled it around her fingers. "This is only a Level 1 dildo though, so nyou won't get much gold for it. Nyot that nyou should expect to get good loot from nyour average trash mob slime, nya."

She tossed the dildo to Yuri who caught it and held it to her face. Though most of her powers seemed to be on the fritz, she found her psychosense working as well as ever. She could feel the former slime's trapped fear and resignation… and *lust* as she stroked her fingers up and down it.

"Nyou can also use items for crafting," said Seigu, leaning over her.

"Crafting?"

"Nyeah, this game has a complex crafting system. Nyou'll nyeed to use it if nyou want to get the good stuff. I'll show nyou how once we get to the hub."

"What should I do until then, nya?"

Seigu smirked. "Well, why don't nyou try equipping it?"

Yuri cocked her head. "What does that mean?"

Seigu pointed at her crotch.

"Oh!" Yuri giggled. Dropping to her ass, she hiked up her robes, spread her legs and–gripping the dildo hard–slammed it straight into her vagina. "Oooh!"

Seigu laughed. "If nyou think that's good, nyou should try a Level 100 one."

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

Catgirls in every costume imaginable bustled through the streets of Chūtoriaru Town. Sandals clapping against the cobblestones, Yuri's jaw gaped as she looked up and down and all around. "Wow! There are so many people here."

"Well, we did just launch," said Seigu, boots cracking against the stone as she walked.

"What should we do first, nya?" Yuri bounced on the spot.

"Well," said Seigu, coming to a stop. "First things first, we should probably find a nyice easy quest to teach nyou the game's mechanics. Nyou don't even know what nyour class *does* yet, nya."

She paused and smirked. "Or, since my stats are capped and I'm wearing OP, Dev-only armor, we could skip straight to the final dungeon and level nyou up that way." She cocked her plasma cannon. "What do nyou think to *that?*"

"Oooh, geraniums!" said Yuri, bouncing towards a nearby flower stall.

"Hi there!" said the catgirl behind the counter. "Do nyou like my flowers, nya?"

Yuri nodded eagerly.

The stallholder bowed her head. "I like them too… I just wish all those nyasty bunnygirls didn't keep eating my stock!"

"Oh nyo!" said Yuri, so sincerely it hurt. "That sounds terrible, nya!"

The stallholder looked her up and down. "Hmm, nyou look like a tough cat, nya. Do nyou think nyou could solve the problem for me? If nyou can bring me twenty bunnysuits, I'll give nyou something special as a reward."

Yuri's eyes sparkled. "Something special?"

Seigu appeared behind her, scowling. "Yuri, what are nyou doing? I'm getting ready to storm the Demon Queen's castle, and nyou're here picking up little baby quests, nya!"

Yuri whirled, eyes full of tears. "Oh, but Seeeigu! She nyeeds our help! Nyasty bunnygirls are eating *all* her flowers!"

Seigu's face contorted in disdain. "Yuri, nyou realize she's an NPC, right? She's nyot even digitized, she's literally just an AI. She's nyot actually growing anything."

"Well where did she get all these flowers from, nya?"

With a sigh, Seigu massaged her temple. "Whatever. Nyou've already accepted the quest, so let's just get it over with."

"Nyaaay!"

<p align="center">*</p>

"Pyon~! Pyon~! Pyon~! Pyon~!" Hopping to a stop beside the flower, the bunnygirl bent low, opened wide, and took a big bite out of its petals. "Pyon~!" Screwing up her eyes, she squeezed her cheeks in delight. Pyon~!"

But as she went in for a second bite, a hideous crack sounded above her. The bunnygirl looked up, as did the others around her.

A volley of blue specks, trailing smoke rained out of the sky, falling in their direction.

"Pyon~?"

The missiles struck with a titanic *boom*.

As the smoke cleared, Seigu dropped out of the sky. "Hah!" she said, grinning smugly. "What do nyou think of that?"

"Wow!" said Yuri, hopping off her back. "Ghost Orchids!"

Seigu sighed. "Why don't nyou collect the loot before it despawns?" she said, pointing to the pile of bunnysuits lying empty in the middle of the field.

"Oh, right!" said Yuri, hurrying to snatch them up. "One… two… Hey, shouldn't there be more than this? There were, like, thirty bunnygirls!"

"Nyou didn't expect them all to drop one, did nyou?"

Yuri blinked. "B-but they were all *wearing* them!"

Seigu shrugged.

With a groan, Yuri hurried to snatch up the last few outfits. "Fourteen… Fifteen… Dang, five short." She kicked at the dirt.

"Hold on, I'll spawn some more bunnies," said Seigu, conjuring her command console.

Yuri frowned. "Will nyou let me fight them myself this time, nya? I wanna figure out what I can do."

Seigu shrugged.

In a series of flashes, thirty or more bunnygirls appeared in the meadow. Catching sight of Seigu, they squeaked and tried to retreat.

"Okay," said Yuri, sizing up the fleeing group, "let's see what I can do." Holding up her hands, she wiggled her fingers suggestively.

Nothing happened.

"Wu-uh?"

"Nyou have to actually select a spell," said Seigu.

"Oh! How do I do that?"

With a sigh, Seigu snapped her fingers. A window appeared beside Yuri's head. "Point at a bunny and shout one of the nyames on this list, nya."

"Okay!" Scrolling through the list, Yuri picked out a spell and aimed her finger at the closest bunny. "Heala!"

White sparkles surrounded the bunnygirl's body, and a soothing melody filled the air. Otherwise, nothing happened. "Pyon?"

Yuri blinked. "Hey!" she said, staring at her fingers as if they'd betrayed her. "Nothing happened!"

"Well nyou are a healer," said Seigu, smirking. "Nyou didn't expect to do *damage* with nyour spells, did nyou?"

Yuri slumped.

"...That said, we did give nyou some fun debuffs to play with. Try using 'Booba'."

With a frown, Yuri picked out a nearby bunnygirl. "Booba?"

Squeaking, the bunnygirl tried to hop away… only to slam to the ground after barely a meter, dragged down by the giant, exercise ball-sized breasts bursting out of her leotard. "Pyon! Pyon!" Failing to push herself up, she settled for waving her arms madly instead. "Pyon!"

Watching the bunnygirl flail, Yuri burst into laughter. "Awww, look at her, nya!" Skipping over, she gave the bunny's bloated boobs a prod.

"Nnn~! Pyon!"

"Nyow finish her off so we can complete this quest," said Seigu, tapping her foot impatiently.

With a sigh, Yuri raised her crook and clubbed the bunny on the head. For a second, the woman's eyes spiraled, before–POOF–she vanished, leaving only her bunnysuit behind.

Yuri snatched it up. "Nyow, let's try another spell…" Giggling, she turned her finger on another fleeing bunny. "Butta!"

The bunnygirl squealed as her asscheeks tore through her pantyhose and her leotard gave her the worst wedgie imaginable. "Pyon!" Her bloated cheeks stuck the ground with a thump.

Hopping over, Yuri knocked her health to zero with a quick blow to the head. "This is fun!" she said, grabbing the empty suit. "Nyow what…?" She turned back to her spell list. "Oooh, this one sounds nyeat."

Licking her lips, she picked out a cute blonde bunnygirl. "Lusta~."

The bunnygirl squeaked and slammed her legs together as a red flush overcame her features. Biting her lip, she whimpered and screwed her eyes shut, her hands crawling slowly yet inevitably between her legs.

Before the bunny had a chance to sate herself, Yuri jumped forward and wrapped a hand around her. Giggling, she stuck a hand inside the bunny's leotard, gripped a boob and pinched a nipple, instantly earning a breathless 'pyon~!' in response. As the bunny's legs trembled, Yuri slipped a hand between them, under her leotard, inside her pantyhose, and straight into her–

"Pyooon~!" The bunny squealed as Yuri's fingers danced inside her, playing the tunnel of her vagina like a well-tuned piano. Finally, she threw back her head and came with an intense 'pyooon!', collapsing into a heap. A second later, she vanished in a puff of smoke.

Seigu, floating over, blinked. "Did nyou just finger her to death? That's nyot how that feature's supposed to work."

*

"Wowow! I can't believe nyou did it!" said the stallholder. Snatching the suits out of Yuri's hands, she giggled, bouncing up and down on the spot.

"Aw, it was nyo trouble," said Yuri, tail swishing happily. "What are nyou going to do with all those suits anyway?"

The stallholder grit her teeth. "I'm going to force my maids to wear them and force them to serve me little drinks! Nyahahaha! Anyway, here's nyour reward." Rummaging under her stall, she retrieved a potted plant and thrust it into Yuri's hands.

"Oh, it's one of these," said Yuri, as the plant smacked its lips. It didn't take long for it to latch on to her nipple. "Hehe, I think it's thirsty, nya." As the plant suckled, Yuri felt its thoughts of relief. It had used to be an office lady, and she'd never been as desperate for a drink in her life.

"Here's some cash as a bonus," said the stallholder. She plopped a little bag on Yuri's head.

Leaving the stall behind them, Yuri and Seigu strolled through town. Taking the pouch off Yuri's head, Seigu untied it and pulled out a golden disc.

"What's that?" asked Yuri.

"A coin."

"A coin?"

Seigu twirled it around. "Currency. Like bells, nya. Of course, it's a little special. Here, take a look." She held it before Yuri's eyes.

Yuri squinted. The coin had a picture of a woman on it, her eyes rolled back, while her tongue lolled out. Sweat dripped down her face. When Yuri focused, she felt the thoughts of the woman inside, locked in a state of lust, turned on by even the slightest touch. Turning her attention to the bag, she realized every coin inside it was a part of her. When Seigu shook the bag and its contents rubbed together, the coins felt as if she were touching herself all over.

Licking her lips, Yuri giggled. "Is all the money in this game like this?"

"Nyep," said Seigu, giving the bag a good shake. "Nyow, let's go and find something to spend it on."

Taking Yuri's hand, she led her through to the other side of the marketplace, where a grand store displayed armor of every type imaginable.

Actually, armor was the wrong word. The shop mostly displayed *bikinis*… Metal bikinis. Plus an assortment of equally lewd costumes.

"Wowow!" Yuri's eyes went wide.

"Let's get nyou out of that default trash," said Seigu, ripping off Yuri's robes and leaving her stark naked. "Let's see… what should we replace it with?"

"Oooh, ooh!" said Yuri, bouncing (in several ways) through the store. "This! This! This!" She skidded to a stop in front of a mannequin dressed in the world's least-practical suit of armor. Seigu had seen toasters with more metal.

"Er, okay?" said Seigu. "That isn't really going to benefit a Healer like nyou though, nya."

Yuri stopped bouncing (most of her, anyway–some parts took longer). "It's nyot?"

"Nyo nyo nyo. Nyou're a Healer. Nyou want something to boost nyour MGK, not nyour DFN."

"My muhjik? Difen?"

Seigu waved the question aside. "Why don't nyou try this?" She directed Yuri's attention to a comically skimpy nurse's outfit. 'Made from Real Nurse!' said the tag.

"I love it!" said Yuri, bouncing on the spot. "How do I put it on?"

Seigu plopped the bag of coins on Yuri's head. "Just touch it with intent," she said.

Nodding, Yuri grabbed the outfit. In an instant, it vanished, and–

Yuri squeaked as the tight, white uniform seized her torso, squeezing her thighs and cupping her breasts like a push-up bra. Miraculously, her boobs managed not to pop out.

The weight on her head felt a little lighter. Yuri went to grab it and found it covered by a cap.

Bouncing over to the mirror, Yuri twirled and stuck out her ass, which strained against the uniform's skirt in a desperate attempt to escape. "It's perfect," she said with a grin.

"Nyow, let's get nyou a weapon," said Seigu.

Leading Yuri to the store next door, she directed her to a wall full of armaments, from longswords to rapiers, from flails to morningstars, from khopeshes to kunai to stylized scythes to ninja stars.

"How about this?" said Seigu, flying up to the very top shelf and snatching up something large and sharp and filled with glistening pink fluid. "This fits nyour current theme the best."

She threw the giant syringe at Yuri, who had to leap to avoid being impaled. "Oooh," she said, pulling it out of the ground. "I can't wait to jab someone with *this*." She licked her lips.

*

As the two left the store, a figure in black watched from the roof above. "Well, well, well, nya~. If it isn't Seigu and Yuri? Fufufu. Time to make my entrance~."

She took a step, tripped, and fell all the way to the ground.

*

Torches flared around the door of the dungeon. Skipping behind Seigu, Yuri hugged her syringe like a blanket. "Um, Seigu? Are nyou sure I'm, like, ready for this?" The giant demonic mask serving as the dungeon's entrance glared at her. Yuri gulped.

"Of course nyou are," snapped Seigu. "This is, like, only the second dungeon. Nyou'll be fine."

"O-Okay…"

Inside, their feet clacked against the stone stairs of the entrance. Trembling, Yuri snapped her gaze from side to side, ready to thrust her syringe at anything that surprised her. "S-so wh-what kinda monsters does this dungeon have?"

"Oh, just the standard fare. Nyothing too scary."

"G-good."

"Just zombies, vampires, ghosts, et cetera."

"O-oh." Yuri gulped.

Deeper down, the dungeon somehow managed to grow even dingier and gloomier. Yuri shivered, clinging close to Seigu, eyes darting about in search of their inevitable assailants. With every step, she trembled a little harder.

As they passed into a large, torchlit chamber, Yuri heard a click. "Eh? Did I step on something?"

"Nyo, it's just a scripted encounter," replied Seigu. "Get ready."

With a resounding boom, the door slammed shut behind them.

Reaching into one of the slots of her armor, Seigu pulled out a thick pointer and gave it a sharp twist. With a *snap*, a blade of buzzing light burst from the pointer's tip. She swung it about, making the air hum as it passed.

Ahead, the many sarcophagi lining the walls shuddered, as if something were pounding on them from inside. Finally, as one, their doors flew open…

…and a horde of voluptuous middle-aged women, plump curves and bellies bound in bandages, stumbled out.

"Ahhh!" cried Yuri. "Mummies! (So mature!)" Sticking out her syringe, she stabbed it wildly at the air. "Stay back! Stay back!"

The mummies groaned as they lurched forward. "It's time for dinneeeeer…" "You didn't do your homewooooork." "Your father and I are getting a divooorce."

Yuri screamed in horror.

Sighing, Seigu took a step forward and cleanly sliced one of the approaching mummies in half. With a puff of smoke, the woman vanished, leaving only a large set of lingerie in her place.

Yawning, Seigu swung her pointer-sword as if directing an orchestra. Mummy after mummy vanished in a thick poof of smoke, sliced cleanly apart…

…But not all of them.

"Seigu!" cried Yuri, ears flat as a stray mummy lumbered towards her. "Seigu! Sei–!"

A kunai slammed into the approaching mummy's head. With a groan, she fell back and vanished in a puff.

As Yuri stood there, blinking in shock, a dark shadow dropped out of the sky. "Surprise, nya!"

"NYAAAAH!" With a scream, Yuri stabbed it in the chest.

Squealing, the shadow spun away, boobs exploding out of her top. This time, Yuri stabbed it in the butt. The shadow gave a cry of shock, flailed its arms, and toppled over with a thud, landing on her front with her ass up in the ass and her panties–strained–on full display.

Heart pounding, Yuri lowered her syringe. "S-Seigu?"

The last of the mummies vanished with a poof. Turning off her sword, Seigu marched back with a frown. "Oh, look," she said, "a mystery player."

Trapped between her own swollen ass and chest, the shadow groaned.

"Why don't we take off that mask and see who it is?" said Seigu, pulling up her command console.

The aura of darkness surrounding the shadowy player vanished, revealing none other than…

Yuri gasped, squeezing her cheeks. "Panchira!"

"Gasp.mp3," said Seigu.

Panchira groaned. "Whhhy did nyou stab me? I was only trying to help!"

"Oh, um." Yuri scratched an ear guiltily. "I thought nyou were a monster, nya."

Scrolling through her spell list, she found a spell to cure Status Effects and cast it to restore Panchira to normal. Taking her hand, she helped her to her feet. "I didn't know nyou were into video games, nya."

Panchira huffed, folding her arms across her chest and squeezing her swollen boobs tight. Her dark, hooded outfit seemed designed to conceal every part of her body save her chest and thighs. "I'm nyot!" she said, eyes flicking from side to side guiltily. "I just thought that, since it was such an event, I'd check out *this* one."

"Nyou're playing as a nyinja?" asked Yuri.

"Exactly!" replied Panty, striking a stylish pose. "Doesn't it suit me? Mysterious, yet stylish. A master of stealth… but also the bedroom." She winked. "I've been following nyou undetected since the two of nyou entered the game."

Seigu glanced at her command console. "Nyou logged in fifteen minutes ago. I saw nyou when we went armor shopping."

Panty threw her a glare. "Stop killing my mystique!"

Yuri, on the other hand, bounced on the spot. "Seigu! Seigu, this is great! Nyow we finally have a third person for our team!"

"Do we really nyeed one?" asked Seigu. "And if we're going to have one, couldn't we get a better one?"

Panchira huffed. "What's the matter? Don't nyou think I can pull my weight? I bet I'd beat nyour clanky, metal butt into the–"

Seigu tapped her console, and Panchira dropped dead.

"Seigu!" cried Yuri.

With a sigh, Seigu tapped her console again, and Panchira snapped back to life, looking horrified. "Nyou put ads on the death screen?!"

Ignoring her, Seigu marched on. "Can we please continue? I don't want the server record for *slowest* completion of a dungeon, nya."

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

"Wow, that final boss was really scary!" said Yuri as the three of them strolled back to town. "I can't believe how many forms she had, nya! I'm glad I didn't have to, like, write them all down and describe them! That would have taken forever!"

"Well she was a vampire," said Seigu, inspecting her console. "But we put a lot of effort into all the bosses. Even the early game ones."

"Forget the boss!" said Panchira. "Did nyou see the way I finished her with that kunai to the head, nya?"

Seigu studied her console. "Actually, it was the DoT from my incendiary missiles that finished her. Over the course of the fight, nyou did a total of…18 damage. She also drained nyou to heal herself for… 18,000."

Panchira blinked. "Lemme see that!"

As Seigu and Panty fought, Yuri reached into her chest and pulled out the item the boss had dropped: a set of frilly, black lingerie, the kind Panchira herself always insisted on wearing.

Holding it up to her face, Yuri let its thoughts tickle her psycho-whiskers. She could sense the vampire's trapped mind squirming inside, half-relieved at no longer having to play the role of a seductive final boss and half-panicked at being trapped in the form of a set of lingerie. She'd been a teacher in her previous life.

Experimentally, Yuri gave the panties' straps a stretch, giggling at the flash of pleasure this caused the former teacher. "Don't worry," she said, wrapping them around her finger. "Nyou'll still have a lot of fun like this, nya!"

"Nyou know," said Seigu, dragging Panty's limp body behind her, "I should probably show nyou how the crafting system works. "We have a lot of materials nyow."

Yuri slammed to a stop. "Oh, that's right! I'd forgotten all about the crafting system!" She screwed up her eyes and squealed. "I'm so excited! It sounds so fun!"

Seigu frowned. "What do nyou think crafting *is*, nya?"

Yuri beamed. "I have nyo idea!"

*

The blacksmith's hammer clanged against the anvil. Yuri sweated in the heat of the forge.

"Nyow," said Seigu, tapping an empty workbench and drawing up a grid of windows. "The crafting system in this game is very simple, nya. This is a nine-by-nine grid. If you fill it with items and it matches one of the existing recipes you've unlocked, nyou'll craft a nyew item. Well, nyou'll have a chance to, anyway, nya. Nyour actual probability of success is determined by a variety of factors, including nyour INT score, nyour Level, nyour Crafting Skill, the time of day, the quality of the workbench nyou're using, the–"

Yuri blinked, sweat dripping down her face.

"–the local atmospheric conditions, and the alignment of any relevant celestial bodies. Did nyou get all that?"

"Uh… huh?" said Yuri.

"Excellent," said Seigu. "Well, everything else follows logically from those rules, so I'll leave nyou to work the rest out nyourself."

She pushed Yuri towards the workbench.

Standing there, shivering, Yuri slowly turned back to Seigu. "How do I make the grid appear, nya?"

Seigu sighed.

Fifteen minutes and many, many wasted materials later, they finally got to the point where Yuri could make something on her own.

"Okay," she said, placing one of the gauzy, white sets of lingerie she'd gotten from the mummies in the center of the grid, "so the trick is that nyou don't have to fill *all* the squares."

"I thought that went without saying," said Seigu, flatly.

"But the squares nyou do fill are important!" said Panchira, poking the window. "So make sure nyou don't fill them at random!"

Yuri squeezed her temples and groaned. "Can't I just put something *here*, nya?" Rummaging in her cleavage, she ringed the lingerie in slime-dildos.

Panchira huffed. "Well, I mean, nyou *could*, nya."

With a sigh, Yuri hit confirm.

All at once, a blast of ecstasy struck her as every man-made item she'd placed in the grid swelled instantly towards the peak of orgasm. Biting her lips, she suppressed a sympathetic moan as the grid of items swirled, blending together.

Finally, the grid vanished, and with a *poink!*, a slimy blue bikini dropped onto the bench.

Blinking, Yuri picked it up. "Slimekini, Lv. 2. Ew, it's sticky." She winced. "Do I really have to wear this, nya?"

Seigu shrugged. Panchira laughed. "Well, it's nyour masterpiece, nya. Go on, try it."

"I'd rather nyot…"

Seigu smirked. "Since nyou like it so much, why don't nyou try it on, Panty?" She tapped her console. The bikini vanished.

Panchira froze, mouth agape, and turned white. "Aiiiiii! Why is it so cooooold?! Why is it squirming?!"

Seigu chuckled. "Hold tight, nyou haven't even gotten to the best part yet~."

Panchira froze again. "Wh–what best part? What are nyou talking ab–AIII!" With a scream, she dropped to the floor, red-faced and scrabbling at her crotch and chest.

"Ah," said Seigu. "I'm glad we added the tentacle function." With a final laugh, she turned back to Yuri. "Anyway, why don't nyou try using that plant we got?"

"Oh!" Reaching into her cleavage, Yuri pulled out the potted plant. Its lips smacked as she held it up. "Nyou mean I can craft something with this?"

"Why nyot?" replied Seigu.

Giving the plant's boobs a final tweak, Yuri slipped it into the grid. "Hmm," she said, "but what should I combine it with? I don't have many other items, nya…"

"Forgetting something?" said Seigu.

Yuri thought for a second. "Oh!" Reaching back into her chest, she pulled out the vampire-turned-set of skimpy lingerie. "This?"

"Exactly," said Seigu.

Yuri plopped the vampire-lingerie into the grid beside the potted plant. "...Is this a real recipe?"

"Nyo," said Seigu, tapping at her console. "But whatever. Just hit 'Craft'."

Yuri did so.

As one, the plant pot and the sexy lingerie started to turn, spiraling together even as they lost themselves in ecstasy. Yuri felt the erotic energy pouring out of their minds and shivered as it flowed through her own head. Biting her lip, she squeezed her thighs together.

Finally, the window vanished, and a new set of lingerie dropped out of the sky. Bright green and speckled with colorful flowers, the sight of it lying on the bench made Yuri gasp in glee. "It's perfect!" she said, squeezing her cheeks in happiness. "I can't wait to try it on!"

Snatching up the panties, Yuri stretched their straps wide, enjoying the silent moan of lust the combined teacher and office lady struck her with. As far as the two of them were

concerned, they were locked in a passionate embrace and Yuri had stuck her fingers into their lovemaking.

Shivering, Yuri slipped a foot inside them. Fresh pleasure struck her, harsh and intense. Tugging them up her thighs, she mewled at the feeling, both the physical and the psychic. She had to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning.

Releasing the panties' straps with a *snap*, Yuri threw off her top and picked up the bra. She could feel the teacher's and the office lady's minds in it as well, exactly the way she had in the panties. Stretching its straps, she smirked at the feeling, before slipping her arms through them, clasping it with a click, and adjusting its cups. Its soft green fabric felt warm against her breasts, as if all its components' body heat had been transferred to their new form. Yuri shivered, nipples tingling.

"What do nyou think?" she asked, doing a little twirl for Seigu.

"Nyou look good," said the saibaneko. "Nyou haven't tried out the special feature yet though."

Yuri cocked her head. "Special feature?"

On the ground, Panchira shivered and mewled. Seigu snapped.

Before Yuri could ask what was going on, four long roots burst from her lingerie and coiled undulating through the air to the twitching form of Panchira. Wrapping around her, they hauled her up, planted her on her feet, drew back, and–

Schlup! Schlupschlupschlup!

–and slammed into every hole they could find. Panchira's squeal turned heads on the other side of the marketplace.

"*That* special feature," said Seigu.

<p align="center">*</p>

With a sigh, Yuri peeled the helmet off her head and her body out of the gaming chair. The material had started to wrap around her, cocooning her body in its plasticky embrace.

Tearing away the last few sticky strands, she dropped to the floor and stretched on all fours. "Nyaaah~, that was fun, nya." Her tail flexed happily.

Ripping herself out of her own chair, Seigu snapped, and both chairs melted away as the office returned to its former layout. "Excellent," she said. "I would have been annoyed if all that time was wasted."

Hopping to her feet, Yuri smoothed out her sundress. "How do nyou make a game like that anyway, nya?"

"Hmm." Seigu tapped her chin. "That's way too complex a question for me to answer. It's nyot as if making a game is a single, simple process." She frowned. "Hmm. Although I suppose I could *show* nyou."

"Will nyou?!" cried Yuri, bouncing across the room. "Please please please please please please, Seeeeeigu!"

Seigu sighed. "Fine." She snapped, and the entire world vanished as a swirling vortex of pink light consumed everything. Yuri squealed as she tumbled through the void. "Nyot again!"

After a few seconds of vertigo, the light faded to reveal the smooth blue expanse of a tall corridor. A large window filled the nearest wall, baring the emptiness of space.

"Oooh," said Yuri, pressing her nose against the glass and looking down. The blue-green marble of an Earth-like world spun slowly through space below. "Where are we, nya?"

"*That*," said Seigu, is *Catgirl Online!* Test Server #1."

Yuri's eyes snapped from Seigu to the window and back again. "...It's a planet, nya."

Seigu shrugged. "It's actually a planet-sized ball of hyper-dense cardboardium optimized for computation with a hardlight environmental coating for visual purposes. …But nyes, I can see how nyou'd mistake it for a planet. All of the game's servers are similar." She turned away from the glass. "We're on a small station in orbit. This is where my main development team does most of its work."

Taking Yuri's hand in her own, she led her to the other side of the enormous corridor, where a door like an arterial valve opened to admit them.

Stepping through, Yuri gasped at what she found, her voice echoing through the cavernous chamber. The Main Development Room stretched almost a kilometer into the sky, its vast ceiling reduced to a pinprick. Hardlight terminals, each with a Bakeneko wired in and typing, floated in a spiral around the wall, while a vast hologram of the 'planet' below turned in the center of them all.

With a flick of her wrist, Seigu conjured a hardlight staircase and guided Yuri up its steps to one of the floating terminals. "Good morning, Kōhī. I'm glad to see nyou hard at work."

The catgirl in the terminal stopped typing and lifted her headset with jittering hands to reveal the baggy eyes of someone who hadn't slept in weeks. "H-hey, B-Boss."

"Kōhī, this is Princess Yuri. I'm giving her a tour. Would nyou mind showing her an example of what nyou're working on?"

Kōhī squinted. "Uh, s-sure…" She tapped a few times, summoning a hardlight bubble in front of the terminal. "C-currently, I'm working on matching personality types for bosses for the game's DLC."

Yuri's tail dropped "Dee el–?"

"Half of the game's content hasn't been released yet," said Seigu. "Once the base game starts to lose steam, we'll finish all the extra content off and ship it for extra bells." She wrung her hands smugly.

"Oh," said Yuri. "What do you mean by 'personality types' though?"

"Remember how I said all the game's enemies were digitized?" said Seigu. "Well, each enemy, bosses included, has an assigned personality type that we use to restrict potential candidates. The logic's half-thematic, half-based on player enjoyment. All the slimes nyou saw were made of humans with germaphobia, for instance." She chuckled. "...We would just copy them, but our customers always nyotice and get all up in arms about it, the little queens."

"Oh, *I* understand," said Yuri, which was only mostly a lie.

"Can you give her a demonstration?" said Seigu, tapping Kōhī on the shoulder.

"S-Sure." Jittering, Kōhī turned back to her keyboard. In a flash of light, a young woman appeared in the hardlight bubble. Floating in the middle, she squealed, flailing so hard she made herself spin.

"S-so," said Kōhī, "like I said, I'm currently working to match candidate p-personalities to enemies. At the moment, I'm looking for people who fit the succubus b-boss I designed. So I'll pick a fitting human, digitize them and upload them, then wait for our playtesters' feedback. N-nya."

"What makes this human fitting, nya?" asked Yuri, flicking a glance at the young woman in the bubble.

"Oh, she's a virgin," said Kōhī. "A r-really shy one too. That's why I thought it would be f-f-funny to do *this* to her." She pushed a button.

Pink light filled the bubble. The young woman screamed and vanished amid a swarm of swirling pixels. As they flickered away, the bubble popped, and a holographic screen appeared to replace it. It showed the young woman tumbling through a chaotic pink abyss much like the one Yuri herself joined the game in.

Kōhī tapped another key.

On the screen, the young woman shrieked and snapped upright as her clothing blazed away in a flash of bubblegum flame. Her exposed skin, freshly revealed, glimmered in the pink light of her prison, highlighting all her curves. Yuri licked her lips.

As the young woman shrieked and tried to cover herself, she jolted as if she'd experienced a static shock. Throwing back her head in an ear-splitting moan, she groped herself as her

skin shimmered and darkened, turning a deep shade of red. At the same time, her hair lengthed and paled white, while her sclera turned an unnervingly dark black. Her crotch flashed, and a stylized heart tattoo, bright pink and glowing, appeared as if branded.

With a moan of lust, the young woman stuck out an inhumanly long tongue and panted, leaning against the screen for support. As she struggled to catch her breath, her body pulsed and expanded, breasts swelling, nipples rising, while her hips fattened into impossibly large curves.

Finally, two sharp horns poked through her hair and a matching tail coiled around her thighs. The young woman–or former young woman–drew back with a moan, unable to keep herself from groping a breast and squeezing. Her other hand slipped between her thighs.

"And th-there we go," said Kōhī, as the new succubus fingered herself with a look of utter horror. "Once I'm f-finished scripting her character, I'll send her down and see what the playtesters think of her. If they like her, we find some naive v-virgins and make more. Nya."

"Wow!" said Yuri, looking the new succubus up and down and biting her lip. "What kind of items does she drop when nyou beat her?"

Kōhī chuckled. "Well, there are a few d-different options, but there's one I think nyou'll like the most. Let me show nyou…" She tapped a key.

With an intense moan, the succubus threw her arms over her shoulders and spread her legs wide. As the latter formed a ring beneath her, her entire body bent like a piece of plastic, bringing her hands and legs in contact. An instant later, she began to distort.

As Yuri watched, a knowing smile on her face, the succubus's limbs shriveled into straps while the rest of her flattened into two large, frilly cups. Instead of merging with the rest of her, her long white hair wove around her, forming stylish stitching and a pair of matching ribbons.

Finally, the succubus fell limp, reduced to a sexy bra.

Yuri burst into laughter. "Oh nyo!" she said, struggling not to fall over. "It doesn't suit her at all! It's perfect!"

"Thank nyou, Kōhī," said Seigu, "that was a wonderful example." Taking Yuri's hand, she led her up the hardlight and on to the next nearest terminal. "Good morning, Gacha. What are nyou working on today?"

Gacha whirled around, blinking. "Oh hey, Seigu! I didn't nyotice nyou there. What am I working on? Oh, um, today I'm working on some special items for the new shops to sell."

"Special items?" asked Yuri.

"That's right!" Gacha grinned. "Mostly fun, gimmicky stuff. The sort of thing players can buy to screw around with, nyothing serious, nya."

"Like what, nya?"

"Liiiike…" Gacha tapped madly at her keyboard. "Like special furniture for their in-game house!"

"Wow!" Yuri's eyes sparkled. "Nyou can buy an in-game house?!"

Seigu squinted. "Yuri, nyou own a planet."

"But an in-game *house*. Wow!"

Gacha giggled. "Lemme show nyou an example, nya." She tapped her keyboard again, and a bubble appeared in front of her terminal, followed a few seconds later by a dark-haired young woman with a stern expression on her face. She wore a tightly-fitted military uniform.

"This young woman thinks she's in charge of everyone, nya. She even tried to give the neko who selected her orders." Gacha giggled. "Since she's such a bossy boots, I think she'll make an excellent piece of furniture. Imagine how much fun it would be sitting on her!"

As Yuri laughed, Gacha tapped another keyboard. With a silent cry of protest, the young woman vanished, and a screen replaced the bubble. It showed the young woman squealing as her clothes burnt away and her body flipped over, legs stretching to form a backrest, arms stretching to form front legs. As most of her hardened into wood, her face expanded into a plump, red cushion, a look of embarrassed ecstasy etched onto its surface. Finally, a pair of armrests and two extra legs sprouted to finish her off, and the transformation was complete.

Gacha laughed. "Doesn't she look horrified, nya? I bet the playtesters will love rubbing their butts into her stupid face. Hehe, we're going to nyeed so many bossy young women."

"Thank nyou, Gacha," said Seigu, taking Yuri's hand.

Traveling up to staircase, the pair soon came to an empty seat. Seigu clicked her tongue. "Tch. Again?"

Just as they were about to leave, a chubby catgirl came surging up the staircase and jumped into her seat. "I'm here!" she said, panting for breath.

"Good morning, Risekichū," said Seigu, eyes tight. "I see nyou're as focused on nyour work as ever.

Risekichū gulped.

"What are nyou working on today?" Seigu continued, turning the catgirl's chair back to the screen.

"Oh, um, just some nyew consumables," said Risekichū, flicking her eyes back to her monitor. A bead of sweat dripped from her forehead.

"Ooooh, what kinda nyew consumables?" said Yuri. "Nyou mean, like, food and stuff?"

Risekichū shrugged. "Oh, um, kinda. It's more all-inclusive than just food though. It also includes things like potions, one-use spell scrolls, condoms. Nyou know, stuff like that."

"There were potions?!" asked Yuri, whirling on Seigu with a yowl. "Seeeeeigu, nyou didn't tell me there were potions!"

"In my defense, a Healer doesn't nyormally nyeed them."

"Oh nyeah," said Risekichū, "there are *tons* of different potions in-game. Most of them are just nyour basic combat buffs and healing, but there are some fun out-of-combat potions too. Like the milky potion."

"What does the milky potion do?" asked Yuri.

"Lemme show nyou, nya…" She tapped her keyboard–another bubble appeared. In this one floated a middle-aged woman, fit yet undeniably curvaceous. Two little wet patches had formed through the tight fabric of her top.

The woman had just enough time to gasp in shock before Risekichū tapped another key and digitized her. The bubble popped, replaced by a screen. On it, Yuri watched the woman squeal as she tumbled through the void.

Moments later, Risekichū gave another command. The woman squealed as her clothing vanished, and her skin, freshly exposed turned a pure, glistening white. With a scream, she melted, pouring into a little glass bottle beneath her. It took only seconds for the process to finish.

"Nyow," said Risekichū. "Lemme send this to one of the playtesters and we'll see what happens." She punched a button.

The pink void and the milky potion vanished, replaced by the interior of a dungeon. Yuri watched as a catgirl in leather sprinted into view, knives out, and skidded to a stop right in front of the monitor.

Frowning, she stuck a hand into her chest and pulled out the milky potion. Giving it a few experimental shakes, she popped its cap and–with a shrug of resignation–downed it in one.

It didn't take long for the potion to take effect. All of a sudden, the catgirl's stomach gurgled. Dropping the bottle, she clutched her stomach and moaned. Her hands soon moved swiftly to her chest, which pulsed and shook as if fighting to escape her clothes.

As it happened, this wasn't far from the truth.

With a *rrrrip!*, the catgirl's leather armor came apart like paper, and her boobs burst out into the air, swollen and leaking. Gasping in shock, she seized them and mewled, struggling to

wrap her hands around their jiggling forms. Even as she squeezed them, they continued to grow, bloating into a pair of pumped-up milk sacs with more mass than the rest of her body combined. As she moaned, they dragged her to the ground and held her there whimpering in a puddle of her own lactate.

Risekichū laughed. "And there nyou have it, nya. From human to potion to a big pair of milky boobs. Isn't it a fun process, nya?"

Yuri giggled in agreement.

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

Standing at the very top of the staircase, Yuri and Seigu looked down on the hundreds of terminals and catgirls typing below.

"Well, that's the development team," said Seigu. "Is there anything else nyou'd like to see, or can we head home, nya?"

Yuri tapped her chin experimentally. "There is one thing…" She turned to Seigu with a smile. "Can I have a go myself?"

Seigu cocked an eyebrow. "Yuri, nyou don't know the first thing about programming."

Yuri clasped her tail sheepishly. "I know…" she said, hugging it to her chest. "But if I tell nyou what I want, nyou can handle the actual programme-y stuff, right?"

Seigu frowned. "I suppose so. So long as nyou don't have anything *too* outlandish in mind."

"Oh don't worry," replied Yuri. "I'm nyot going to do anything *too* crazy." She flicked her eyes from side to side conspiratorially. "On an unrelated nyote, how many humans do nyou have here, nya?"

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

"Okay," said Yuri. "Let's have that one, and that one… Oooh, and both of those two–they're cute. And her. Ooh and her too. And–"

Where the giant hologlobe had been, there floated a ring of giant screens, showing woman after woman popping into existence as Yuri had them picked out of the station's store and instantly digitized. They filled the virtual space Seigu had given her in their hundreds, sitting around and looking anxious. So far, nothing *too* terrible had happened to them.

"Okay, I think that's enough," said Yuri.

"Thank Mom," said Seigu, turning from the keyboard. "Nyou've emptied half our store!"

"Eh, I'm sure nyou can find more. Anyway, nyow… I want nyou to make them all nyaked and horny!"

Seigu tapped away. On the screen, half of the gathered crowd instantly threw their heads back in moans of lust, while the remainder grabbed their crotches and squealed.

"Hornier!"

Seigu tapped. Fresh moans sounded from the red-faced women on the screen as they fingered themselves madly or pounced on each other's bodies.

"HORNIER!"

Deafening cries of passion burst from the screen as the crowd on the other side devolved into a chaotic orgy. Breasts rubbed against breasts, while tongue delved into pussies. The sound of jiggling flesh soon became as loud as the screams.

"Okay, that should do," said Yuri. "Nyow…" She leaned in close and whispered something in Seigu's ear.

A thin smile split Seigu's face. "Interesting… Let me see what I can do…" She started typing.

On the screen, the tone of the orgy changed somehow. It took several seconds for those watching to notice how: breasts still rubbed against breasts, and tongue still slurped inside pussies, but they no longer pulled away afterward. People coupled and stuck that way, refusing to split apart. And with every second that passed, they grew a little closer.

As Yuri watched, suppressing the urge to giggle, the hundreds of women on the screen turned a translucent pink and melted into one another, bodies melding into a single, indistinguishable mass of thick, pink slime, wet and dripping. The orgy continued like this for almost a full minute, women eating each other out even as they fused together.

Slowly, however, the group became inseparable, and its members' movement ceased. Where there had been a crowd of hundreds of women, all eating each other out or scissoring, there now lay little more than a puddle of pink slime, slowly oozing.

Seigu tapped another key.

The slime gurgled. A bubble popped in its very center. Slowly, a thick column of the stuff rose, slurping up all the slime around it. Rising high, high, into the air, a hundred meters or more, the slime came to a stop and shivered, before sprouting a pair of slender arms. Trembling, its bulk compacted, forming a pair of wide hips and swollen pair of breasts even as its face sculpted itself into a beautiful woman's.

Finally, a crown dropped out of the sky to cap the giant slime's head. She looked around, burbling as if confused.

"Ta-da!" said Yuri, bouncing on the spot. "It's a Princess Slime. Don't nyou just wanna give her a great big hug?"

The developers shared a look. "What does she drop?" asked Gacha.

Yuri tapped her chin. "Hmm." Finally, a smile lit up her face. Giggling, she leaned back to Seigu.

"I think we can do that," said Seigu, returning her attention to her keyboard.

On the screen, the giant slime flinched as her health bar dropped to zero. Gurgling, she shuddered, before collapsing into a giant puddle and vanishing in a poof of smoke. Yuri giggled as she waited for the air to clear.

Finally, the smoke faded to reveal…

…a big, pink vibrator, already buzzing.

"Ta-da!" said Yuri. "Isn't it beautiful, nya?"

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

Dropping out of the vortex, Yuri struck the grass with a 'nyah!'. It took several seconds for her boobs to stop jiggling.

Marching forward, she soon found the vibe. Snatching it up, she held it to her eyes for inspection: 'Lv. 100 Princess Slime Vibrator', read its card, '(Mythic Rarity)'. That was nice to know, but it wasn't really what she cared about.

Holding the vibrator closer, she felt her psycho-whiskers twitch as the minds inside the sextoy tickled them. Hundreds of captive psyches, all locked together and intertangled, trapped in an everlasting orgy that would only grow hotter over time. She shivered–it was one of the best things she'd ever felt.

With a giggle, Yuri dropped her panties and kicked them off into the grass. Hiking up her dress, she lowered the vibrator to her lower lips, already licking her upper ones in sheer expectation. Her tail twitched. "Nyaah! I can't wait!"

Moaning, Yuri flicked the vibrator on and slammed it into her clitoris.

Lightning coursed through her spine–she squealed. Her body shook as if it were in an earthquake, vibrating so hard she started to lose coherency, blobs of doughy flesh dripping from her skin.

In the vibe, her thousands of trapped partners squealed in shared and growing delight. To them, their entire body felt like a single giant clitoris, and as they shook, ecstasy rippled through their minds.

With every second, Yuri's pleasure grew a little stronger. She collapsed to the ground, half-molten, and threw back her head to yowl at the ceiling. Ecstatic energy rolled out of her

sex, flowed up her spine to her head, and rebounded, crashing back down to her pussy and making everything that much hotter.

Finally, it grew too much to bear. With a final, ear-splitting yowl, Yuri came, juices pouring from her pussy in an unending torrent.

Falling back, she lay there panting. "Nyaaah. Game design is so much fun, nya~."